

ASK GEO. SNYDER FOR CATALOGUE

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VRANGEL.....ALASKA.

The thread trust is not foolishly claiming to be a good thing for the consumer.

Dr. Wiley says that centenarians soon will be as common as blackbirds. White blackbirds?

It costs more to live nowadays than it did in the old times, but you get more kinds of life.

When two political machines on the same track collide there is no end of the dirt that is put into circulation.

Naturally it will be gratifying to the daring explorer who first reaches the north pole to find that all winds will waft him southward.

A judge has decided that loud snoring constitutes an unlawful disturbance of the peace. He probably sleeps near a thin partition.

In Nebraska a man and woman have recently been married to each other for the fourth time. This is what might be called intermittent matrimony.

The Singer Building in New York has attained its thirty-sixth story and daily attracts crowds of spectators. Merely another Singer achieving high C.

John D. Rockefeller says he works for the good of the public. He, of course, reserves to himself the right of determining what is good for the public.

Now that Englishmen can marry a deceased wife's sister, our British consuls may be careful in selecting a wife, to choose one of a good-looking family.

"Don't crush the railroads," says Mr. Harriman in an appealing tone. All right; but there appears to be a disposition in some quarters to soak the railroad presidents.

A French woman has been awarded a prize for discovering a reliable method of determining whether a person is dead. Still, even her method may fail to convince some politicians that they are dead ones.

The self-restraint of Mark Twain is the most wonderful thing of the age. In spite of the fact that he can get 80 cents a word for what he writes, he refrains from writing unless he has something to write.

A Chicago pastor declares he would throw away a biscuit any time for a kiss. Ministers change with time, like everything else. For the old-time preacher life could offer no inducement greater than hot biscuit and maple syrup.

If the government plans are successful, a fishpole farm may be the next profitable industry. One of the plant explorers of the Department of Agriculture has already made experiments in raising bamboos in California, and now, with a grant of two thousand dollars, is about to try it in the Southern States. He believes that the Japanese bamboo can be made to yield a profitable crop wherever there is a Southern cane-brake.

Francis Miles Finch, who died recently at the age of 80 years, achieved in one poem, "The Blue and the Gray," a more certain immortality than many poets of many volumes. The poem appeared two years after the close of the Civil War, and appealed at once to the national heart. It comes nearer than any other thing in American literature, except some great prose utterances of Lincoln, to putting into words the best that men were thinking in a time of sorrow and hope.

Marine artists both in words and paint, magazine illustrators, who actors, boys and policemen will regret the approaching disappearance of Jack's flat cap, rolling collar and flaring trousers. They are doomed. They are going where poop deck and topgallant forecastle, martingale and spritsail yard, stunsil booms and fore royal stays, breeching and side tackle went before them, into the dusty limbo of outlived usefulness. Modern ships and modern sailors are no more like the bullies of Isaac Hull's time than the Jackie's uniform of to-day is like that of Herman Melville's "White Jacket."

It is curious what a hold the suffix "less" has taken upon the affection of Americans. There have long been seedless oranges, and now there are seedless apples and spineless cactuses. Manufacturers of automobiles advertise waterless cars, news comes by wireless telegraphy, teeth are extracted by painless dentistry, educators are trying to devise studyless education, and everybody is looking for some workless work. The latest failure is an experiment in agriculture with stingless bees, from which better things had been hoped. The bees were brought from Venezuela and placed in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. They gather less honey than the ordinary bee, but have greater pollen-carrying capacity. This, it was hoped, would be a benefit to horticulturists interested in the cross-breeding of fruit and flowers. It was hoped also that the bees might be crossed with the

common honey bee. "The experiment failed, apparently because the bees could not stand the dryness of the climate."

"To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish."—Marriage Service. Doubtless these words echoed in the ears of Judge Morschauer when, at White Plains, N. Y., he denied the application of Harry Wood's wife for alimony and counsel fees in her divorce suit and suggested that the attorneys could and should effect a reconciliation. The suit was brought on charges of neglect and abandonment. Yet Mr. Wood presented evidence which satisfied the court that the trouble was due to his loss of employment and his consequent poverty, for which he was not to blame. Probably the root of the trouble was in the heart of one or both of the parties to the marriage. Probably one or both of them had failed to realize that marriage is "an estate not by any one to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God." If there were other reasons than his material misfortunes why this woman should be separated from the husband to whom she had given her troth "for richer for poorer," it is plain that she did not bring them forward. The prepossession of men is on the side of the woman in such cases, and had there been anything to justify it, the balance of justice would have inclined to her side. "The wife's duty," as Judge Morschauer well said, "is to share her husband's misfortunes as well as his successes," just as it is his duty to do all that is in human power to provide for her comfort. "She should not be eager to seek legal separation," as the court said again, "when adversity is the sole cause of unhappiness," any more than he should seek it for any cause which it is beyond her power to control. Marriage means that the man and the woman are to face the storm as well as the sunshine together. The so-called "divorce problem" which vexes so many worthy souls is in reality a marriage problem. The scandal of frivolous divorces has its beginning in the scandal of frivolous marriages. We shall put an end to the divorce scandal and solve the so-called "divorce problem" only when men and women more generally perceive that marriage is "an estate not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly," and prove their understanding by their deeds.

WORLD'S FINEST STABLES.

Most Luxurious Horse Quarters on Earth Are to Be Found in Newport. No one feature of Newport extravagance more clearly shows the mint of money lavished on this playground of millionaires than the wonderful stables attached to every establishment, says the Broadway Magazine. Take, for instance, the O. H. P. Belmont villa. It has a stable for its ground floor of such dimensions that a coach and four can drive in, turn about and drive out again. It contains the most elaborate equipment of carriages and harness in the world; its walls are decorated with rare old prints and blue-ribbon prizes. The estates of the brothers Vanderbilt, Alfred and Reginald, at Sand's Point, are veritable villages of stables. As you pass, Dr. Austin Flint whirls by in his motor, and you remember that people from Maine to California are reading that "Miss Reginald Vanderbilt is confined to the house with a cold."

The mere incidentals impress you at first with the extravagance of Newport. The prices of papers, periodicals, candy, flowers, etc., are doubled. The millionaire sets the pace even in the simple process of buying a paper of pins. But these details are not of importance; what is important is the gigantic abey of extravagance that enters into every detail of existence dreamed of in the philosophy of the millionaire, and ably shown by the magnificent homes of the very horses and motor cars.

Peanut Trade Increasing. Peanuts are beginning to form an appreciable and rapidly growing item in the foreign commerce of the United States, especially in the import trade. Despite the fact that the United States produces probably 12,000,000 bushels of peanuts per annum, her exportations have been in such inconsiderable quantities that the Bureau of Statistics has only recently found it necessary to include peanuts in its list of articles exported. Meantime the imports have also rapidly increased, and the total foreign commerce in this article in the year about to end will aggregate nearly \$1,000,000, the imports having grown in value from less than \$5,000 in the year 1900 to about \$500,000 in the present year, while exports for the year will approximate about \$300,000.

West Africa and the East Indies are the principal sources of supply of the peanuts entering the international markets of the world. The exports of peanuts from the French colony of Senegal, on the west coast of Africa, were in the latest available year more than 230,000,000 pounds; those of British India a little less than 200,000,000; Gambia, on the west coast of Africa, about 100,000,000; the Dutch East Indies, about 50,000,000, while China, Japan, Argentina, Spain and the United States also supply comparatively small quantities.

Too Economical. "Your wife's very economical, isn't she?" asked Mr. Pjones. "Lord, yes!" groaned Mr. Tamlith. "She spent \$500 in bargains last month."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COLD PLATES AND HOT PLATES.

Many of Former Still to Be Found; the Latter, Happily, Spreading. "We still find," said an old Washingtonian, "many cold plates. Lots of people seem to regard hot plates as a superfluity, or even as an affectation of style that is not to be encouraged, and so give you cold plates to eat hot food from; thus really spoiling many a good meal."

"I ate dinner yesterday at a place where the food is excellent and admirably cooked, and where everything they give you is good and appetizing, and ample in supply, but where the joy of the meal was marred by cold plates."

"Just why they give you cold plates at this place I don't know, but it is simply the survival of an ancient custom, I guess."

"For hot plates are a modern custom. Formerly people got along very well without them; but it is different now, when it is so easy to provide them. And yet they are by no means, even today, everywhere to be found."

"You might eat today at the abundant, well-supplied and the well-equipped table of a family whose every member was the personification of kindly grace and hospitality, and yet find here your food served to you on cold plates; rugged people, these, by whom, out of some feeling bred in the days when luxuries were less common, hot plates would still be considered as a mark of concession to effeminacy. And by such a reason, indeed, might the cold plates be accounted for in some small hotels, off the beaten track, though in many another hotel their presence is due simply to slackness, indifference or a failure to rise to modern conditions."

"But the hot plate, by no means a sign of degeneracy, but one marking simply and rationally a desire to rise to our privileges, is everywhere spreading; it will some day everywhere prevail, and meanwhile when we eat where it has not yet come, let us be grateful then for the food."—Washington Post.

A FAD OF THE PAST.

Ha, that was footgear for you—the copper-toed boot. You couldn't wear it out. You were defied to! That was in the days when one pair of boots was expected to last you all one winter. No such foolish notions prevail now.

You have become accustomed to buying a new pair of shoes for each of your children every six weeks. They would turn up their snubby little noses at copper-toed footwear now.

As long as boots were worn by children, the copper toes were entirely logi-



THE COPPER-TOED BOOT.

cal, and the man who invented the metal reinforcement deserved a crown, whether he ever got one or not. There was the grievous sight of toes wearing out while the rest of the boot was good as ever, and without a sound toe the boot was ruined. But the piece of copper at the tip baffled, to a great extent, the mania of the children for kicking their toes on the frosty ground.

The presence of a pair of new red-topped boots (they were always very ornate as to tops) under the Christmas tree was a challenge to the recipient. "Wear me out if you can," they seemed to say. Then you would proceed to try you hardest to do so. In the long run you were always victor. But the end was delayed generally to the profit of your father's pocketbook. Now the copper-toed boot has passed.

Self-Winding Watches.

"Watchmaking is no longer what it used to be," said a collector. "Where will you find to-day artists making and selling readily watches worth \$2,500 apiece?"

"Breguet was the greatest watchmaker the world has ever seen. He was a Swiss, but he lived in France. The watch collector who hasn't a Breguet timepiece has a sadly incomplete collection. Breguet watches were the acme of beauty, of originality and of accuracy. One played a tune every hour, another had on its dial little figures that danced, a third was a self-winder."

"They were very ingenious, those self-winding watches. They worked on the pedometer principle. The motion of the body in walking kept them wound."

Nervous Prostration.

First Hobo—Meanderin' Mike's ill from overwork.

Second Hobo—Poor old Mike! Wo'ts he bin a workin'?

First Hobo—Too many easy marks.—Baltimore American.

Couldn't.

Orator (excitedly)—The American eagle, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell.—Independent.

A man isn't necessarily bald because he has no hair.



At Grandpa's. I'd rather be to grandpa's house Than any place I know; For grandpa says I am his boy And grandma loves me so. When I get down to grandpa's house You bet I'll make things hum; There won't be no one then to say, "Now, sonny, stop that drum."

I'll go barefooted in the grass And do just as I please; I'll paddle in mud puddles and I'll climb the biggest trees; I'll slide down on the banisters; I'll shin up every door; I won't be scolded when I track Up grandpa's kitchen floor.

When I get down to grandpa's house I'll be a boy again. Folks ain't afraid of freckles there, Nor bother 'bout the rain. I'll ride the horses bareback and I'll walk on ev'ry fence; No one'll scold me when I tear My pants—gee, that's immense!

I'd rather be to grandpa's house Because I have such fun, And I'll be awful sorry when Vacation time is done. I like to be at grandpa's house And be a boy once more. Where I don't get no scolding when I track up grandpa's door. —New York Sun.

Letter Scale.

A good scale for weighing letters may be made by any one without expense. Get the handle of a worn-out broom and cut off about fifteen inches of it. Pour water into a wide-mouthed jar until it is nearly full, and having attached a weight to one end of the stick and tacked a square of cardboard to the other, the latter to serve as a



A HOME MADE SCALE.

platform, plunge the stick into the water, as shown in the cut.

The weight should be heavy enough to keep about three-fourths of the stick under water. Having done all this, get a half-ounce, an ounce and a two-ounce weight (you may borrow them from your druggist), and placing them, one at a time, upon the platform of your scale carefully mark on the stick the water level in each case.

This scale is somewhat crude, but it is good enough for all practical purposes.

The Right Kind of a Boy.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining room was chilly, and, when we assembled for breakfast, father looked rather grim, and mother tired; for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his coat and boots in the hall, and he came in rosy and snoring.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly. His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"Top of the morning to you, Polly-wog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened the damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow; and five minutes after Jack came in we gathered around the table, and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all; but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

Current Cake.

The heading of this paragraph will be sure to attract the attention of the boys and girls, for of course they all like currant cake. By this is meant the cake that has little black specks all through it, which look, for all the world, like dead flies, if you will pardon the expression. Everybody calls it currant cake, but the little black specks, you will probably be surprised to hear, are not currants at all, but a kind of raisin, made from little grapes that grow in the island Zante and in other Greek islands. The way they came to be called currants is rather

strange. In olden times they were called "corinths," because they grew in great profusion near Corinth, and either from that fact, or from the name "currants," as they were sometimes called, came our word currant. So "currant cake" is really "raisin cake," but it's good, no matter what you call it.

Not an Easy Task.

A new military prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town in Scotland. He was a man who greatly magnified his office. And entering one of the cells on the first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it:

"Well, sir, do you know who I am?"

"No, nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply.

"Weel, I'm your new chaplain."

"Ob, ye are? Weel, I have heard of ye before."

"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.

"Weel, I heard that the last two kirks ye were in ye preached them bath empty, but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."

The Telegraph Plant.

There is a queer shrub growing in India, whose tri-foliate leaves move in a way much like railway telegraph signals. The two side leaves rise and fall alternately for a time, and then are still, soon starting into motion again. The leaves are most active in the early morning. Sometimes many of them are in motion at once; at other times, only a few of them are; which shows that their action does not depend on the wind.

PROSPERITY IN EGYPT.

Building Operations in Progress in Many Parts of Cairo.

The charming residential town of Cairo of ten years ago I found disfigured by huge blocks of buildings five stories high; enormous hotels built and building; where then park is now studded with villas; tramways everywhere, even out to Cheops pyramid; motors careering along, followed by clouds of dust and heralded by the deafening sounds of horn or hoot, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine. All the constructions are higgledy-piggledy, without line or order. Huge ugly blocks alongside of unpretentious residences; buildings being torn down or foundations being laid. The conversations overheard were mostly of the price of plots of land, or the rise or fall of shares or of companies floated or being floated, or of people who had become millionaires or expected to become such.

One realized at once that one was among a community intoxicated with success, in the feverish excitement of speculation. The luxurious hotel, opened only some seven years before, was, while I was staying in it, sold to a company for £450,000. Its proprietor (the seller), reputed to be a millionaire, is laying the foundations for a still grander hotel, on a site which was once a prince's palace.

Two well-authenticated transactions will give a fair conception of the enormous rise in the value of property in the best part of Cairo. A small villa erected some twelve years ago, at a cost of about £3,000 found a purchaser recently at £32,000. A property purchased for £17,000 eight years ago was being treated for while I was in Cairo at £150,000. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that property in what was the residential part of Cairo has increased in value during the last five or six years eightfold to tenfold. The price of land there may be said to vary from £40 to £82 per square meter (3.1 yards), equal to the value of land in the crowded parts of the city of London.

In Alexandria a nearly similar appreciation in the value of town lands has taken place. Lands toward Gabari, which a few years ago were only of a nominal and prospective value, have recently changed hands at fabulous rates. The site of the Victoria College, bought about ten years ago for £1,300, was sold at the beginning of this year for £100,000.

Questions About Birds.

There is still a great deal unknown about the birds migrating. Why do they leave when there is still food enough for all and pleasant weather? What tells them, or how do they know, winter is coming—a season of cold and famine? What birds migrate and what journey by themselves? And how do they know their course?—St. Nicholas.

On to Him.

"You know," said Bragg, "I expect to spend my vacation on a steam yacht."

"How foolish!" exclaimed Knox. "Why don't you take a rest instead of looking for extra work? Besides stoking is such a hot job."—Philadelphia Press.

Positive.

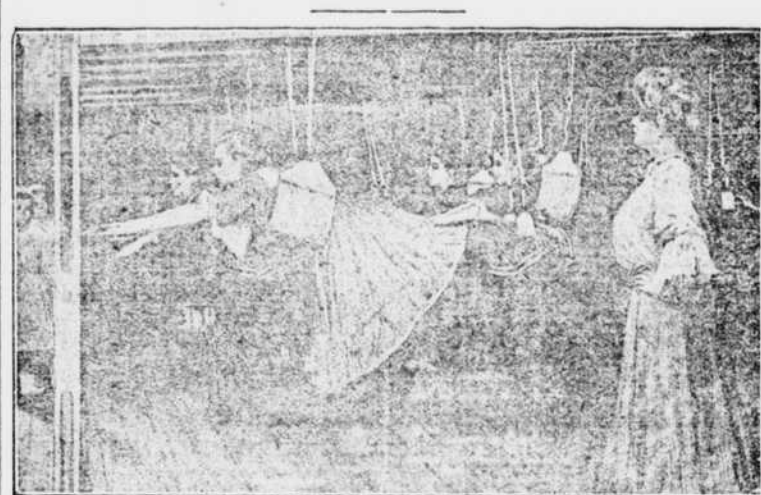
"Are you sure that the studies your son is pursuing are really useful?"

"Positive," answered Farmer Corntosel. "Anything is useful that will keep Josh from goin' out an' gettin' into fights with the neighbors."—Washington Star.

"Puppy love" is always so serious at the time that the victim wonders afterward how he ever recovered so quickly.

Every young man in love with a pretty and incapable girl, underestimates the time it will take to learn how to cook.

CORRECT WAY TO SWIM ON DRY LAND.



SWIMMING WITHOUT WATER: AN INVENTION FOR PRACTICING THE STROKE.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?" "Yes, my darling daughter. Hang your clothes on a hickory limb; But don't go near the water."

One naturally concludes that the daughter will learn very little of the art of swimming if she obeys the command of her mother, for water always has been regarded as indispensable to swimming. It is not so any more. A contrivance has been invented which does away with the necessity of Mary Ann going into the water when she wants to swim, and it even renders it unnecessary for her to hang her clothes

AUTOS DEADLY AS WAR.

Figures Prove that Automobile Is "Red Peril of Civilization."

The automobile, with its terrifying and daily increasing list of permanently injured, dying and dead, abundantly proves itself the Red Peril of Civilization. Wherever it goes upon the highway, when guided by the hand of a speed-crazed devotee, the motor car leaves in its wake a trail of destruction, desolation and death.

The long list of accidents this year show that the execution wrought by the motor car is more deadly by far than that of the Spanish guns at San Juan hill.

Since Jan. 1, 1907, at least 114 persons have been killed and 802 injured in the United States by automobiles—a total of 470. After the battle of San Juan hill Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt's report showed that of the 430



THE FLYING DEATH OF THE HIGHWAY.

though riders who went into action only "Eighty-six were killed or wounded."

The record of the automobile is written in red—and that red is the blood of its many victims. The vast majority of these persons were killed outright. In addition to these there were many others who were so badly injured that they died later, but their deaths went unrecorded in the teeming columns of the newspapers.

But this roster of the dead, appalling as it is, by no means represents the sum total of the destruction wrought by the automobile. In this country to-day there are hundreds of men, women and children with broken legs, arms, ribs and skulls, with crushed feet and mangled faces, who have been permanently disabled or crippled by the ruthless automobile.

In almost every way that could be imagined have injury and death been inflicted by the Red Peril in the hands of reckless drivers. In many cases the drivers themselves have gone down to destruction with the machines they propelled.

The long list of accidents shows that many were killed and injured as a result of racing. Speed lovers, crashing along the highway by day or night, have been hurled to death against rocks and trees and telegraph poles. Others have been thrown from skidding automobiles on sharp corners and dashed to destruction on hard pavements. Many have been killed by collisions with street cars, fire engines, passing vehicles, railway trains and other automobiles. Others have met their fate on the perilous race course, where madmen had assembled to risk their lives in breaking an old speed record or to establish a new one.

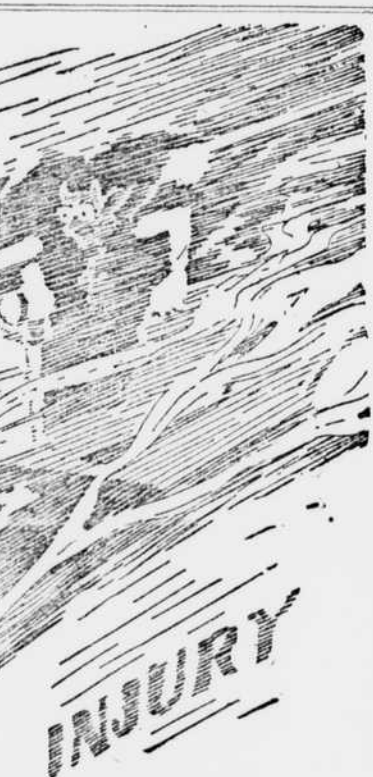
The Red Peril is a living and fearful thing.—Indianapolis Sun.

A WOODLAND DANGER.

However, the Poison Ivy Is Not Utterly Without Merit.

There are few persons in the eastern part of America who are not familiar with the common poison ivy—its sinister three-fingered leaves creeping alongside the harmless five-fingered woodbine or Virginia creeper. Some persons are immune and may pick the leaves at will, but others are so susceptible that the wind will carry the poisonous vapor and bring discomfort without contact with the plant itself.

Cows and horses feed with impunity upon the vine, but it is terribly poisonous to dogs, producing convulsions which result in death. A volatile substance which forms salts when combined with alkalis has been isolated from the leaves, known as toxicodendric acid. This resembles formic acid and is the source of the poisoning.



THE FLYING DEATH OF THE HIGHWAY.

More interesting to the many sufferers, says the New York Evening Post, is the fact that a certain cure for the painful skin blisters is found in a solution of potassium permanganate.

This blistering effect on the skin was taken advantage of by old-time doctors and administered in cases of skin disease. One reads that in 1640 the poison ivy was introduced into England, and in 1748 was used as a medicine in Europe. Even before this the juice of the plant had been used as a marking ink, and is to-day widely employed for that purpose. It resists soap, acids, alkalis and bleaching powders, and yields only to ether. So, when the nature writer is out in the wilds, away from stores and human dwellings, and his ink gives out, a splendid substitute may be found in the juice of the poison ivy—which will guarantee the physical permanence of the record of his observations—if not the veracity of the facts themselves. Another commercial use for the juice of this plant is in the manufacture of a blacking dild for boots and shoes.

Sure Enough.

"Slick Pete seems to have got next to that young dude," said the first bunko man, "but I wonder what's the use."

"Oh, there must be somethin' in it," replied the other, "for Pete don't waste his time."

"Well, anyhow it looks as if he was tryin' to do somethin' foolish."—Philadelphia Press.

In this world the hardest knocks we get are delivered by our supposed friends.

Somehow a blooded dog always reminds us of a boy dressed up

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In selection, proportion and combination of ingredients,
In the process by which their remedial values are extracted and preserved,
In effectiveness, usefulness and economy,
Curing the widest range of diseases,
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In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.



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WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. If you do not care to THROW your money away to help fasten the TRUST, you will do well before purchasing elsewhere, to call at our store and SEE; or, if you cannot do that, to WRITE to us, stating your requirements.

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will cleanse every article in your kitchen or dining room—make them bright—and for silver or pewter give a high polish. All dealers. Sample, Booklet and Parlor game Whiz 10c. Pacific Coast Borax Co., Oakland, Cal.

Keep a supply of asbestos paper in your kitchen. If the oven is too hot and the cake likely to burn at the top, put a sheet of the paper on the grate over the tin. If there is danger of burning at the bottom, put a sheet under the tin.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It is said that one of Captain Hobson's dreams is of a factory in Alabama that will turn out one hundred battleships a day. Anyhow the captain cannot be accused of a lack of local pride. He doesn't want the big things to go outside of his own State.

Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and rough of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair tonic. The hair stops coming out, grows faster, keeps soft and smooth. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures sick hair, makes it strong and healthy.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured at
SARSAPARILLA.
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CHERRY PECTORAL.

S. N. U. No. 43-1907

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Old Favorites

Morning Hymn.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
The daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

—Thomas Ken.

Evening Hymn.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh, may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

—Thomas Ken.

MILK TRAFFIC IN BOSTON.

Concentration of the Business Constantly Increases—More Shops.

This city receives 308,849 quarts of milk daily, but not all of it is being used here, says the Boston Transcript. The centralization of the milk traffic is constantly increasing. This is well illustrated by the rapidly increasing number of milkmen. At this time there are only 318 licensed dealers, a loss of twenty-eight over the preceding year. This naturally means more business for the remaining milkmen. The number of shops selling milk shows an increase of 117 over 1905; 3,740 shops are now engaged in the sale of milk in this city.

About 123,250 quarts are subjected to commercial pasteurization daily, which means the heating of the milk to between 150 and 170 degrees Fahrenheit. The milk inspector does not approve this method unless it is regulated by labeling the product.

During the summer months one firm claims to supply the customers with milk twelve hours old and another concerns delivers milk to a portion of its patrons throughout the summer months of the same age, while the balance of its customers receive their milk when it is twenty-five hours old. Another firm in winter serves one-half of its family trade with milk twelve hours old, while the remaining retail customers are given milk twenty-four hours old. The greater portion of the milk delivered by contracting firms is from twenty-four to thirty-six hours old; a portion of the milk supply of one large firm is forty-eight hours old. Another large concern supplies milk to 10 per cent of its stores and restaurants which is from forty-eight to sixty hours old. Milk of forty-eight to sixty hours old, to be of good quality, must have been produced and kept under ideal conditions.

Look Neat When Traveling.

A woman looks chic and neat at the end of her journey because she wears a small hat which covers a well-groomed head, kept neat by a hair net. She wears a foulard frock, the waist and skirt of which have been fastened together firmly. She wears a stiff linen collar, with a taffeta bow of the same tone as her dress.

Just before arriving she changes her collar, puts on fresh gloves, and cleanses her face with cold cream. She fastens her veil neatly and looks as trim as if she were just starting on her journey.

She avoids a large hat, white gloves, jewelry and loosely arranged hair.

How to Strengthen a Puppy's Legs.

If a puppy is weak on its legs, the addition of lime-water to its milk is of great benefit and tends to prevent rickets, says Home Chat. Chemical food which consists of the syrup of phosphates may be given at the same time.

Blaze On.

Blaze, son! with all your fires
An' scorch us, soon as late!
Ye poets, string your lyres—
Ye liars, dig your bait!

—Atlanta Constitution.

It is surprising that a mean woman and a very good woman can belong to the same sex.

WHAT IS PE-RU-NA?

Is it a Catarrh Remedy, or a Tonic, or is it Both?

Some people call Peruna a great tonic. Others refer to Peruna as a great catarrh remedy.

Which of these people are right? Is it more proper to call Peruna a catarrh remedy than to call it a tonic?

Our reply is, that Peruna is both a tonic and a catarrh remedy. Indeed, there can be no effectual catarrh remedy that is not also a tonic.

In order to thoroughly relieve any case of catarrh, a remedy must not only have a specific action on the mucous membranes affected by the catarrh, but it must have a general tonic action on the nervous system.

Catarrh, even in persons who are otherwise strong, is a weakened condition of some mucous membrane. There must be something to strengthen the circulation, to give tone to the arteries, and to raise the vital force.

Perhaps no vegetable remedy in the world has attracted so much attention from medical writers as HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS. The wonderful efficacy of this herb has been recognized many years, and is growing in its hold upon the medical profession. When joined with CUBES and COPAIBA a trio of medical agents is formed in Peruna which constitutes a specific remedy for catarrh that in the present state of medical progress cannot be improved upon. This action, reinforced by such renowned tonics as GALLIUM CANADENSE, CORYDALIS FORMOSA and CEDRON SEED, ought to make this compound an ideal remedy for catarrh in all its stages and locations in the body.

From a theoretical standpoint, therefore, Peruna is beyond criticism. The use of Peruna, confirms this opinion. Numberless testimonials from every quarter of the earth furnish ample evidence that this judgment is not overenthusiastic. When practical experience confirms a well-grounded theory the result is a truth that cannot be shaken.

It has been said in recent years of Morgan and Pettus that they almost constituted a third party in the senate. At the same time, they were far from acting as a unit on every issue that came before them. Two old-time Democrats as they were, residents of the same town, and friends for sixty years, they were by no means identical in their political opinions. It must be remembered that in the South the antagonism between individual Democrats is sometimes as great as that in the North between the Democrat and the Republican. When Mr. Pettus said of Senator Morgan, "I have been his associate and adversary over sixty years," he said something which would be almost inexplicable to the average Northern man; but it is the polite expression of a positive fact. The two senators differed so often that a flippant newspaper article not long ago suggested that their one bond of union was a common fondness for chewing tobacco.

But of neither man has it ever been said that he was anything but absolutely honest and high minded. Against neither has it been charged that he represented anything in the senate except the people of his state and the people of the United States. Their strong political adversaries in the senate regarded Morgan and Pettus with sincere respect and warm personal affection—a fitting tribute to statesmen of so admirable a type.

LAPPS ARE ON THE DECREASE.

And With Them the Reindeer Is Growing Constantly Scarcer.

The Lapps are decreasing in number, says the Philadelphia Record. The most accurate estimate of the numbers of the entire race in Norway, Sweden and Russia does not place them above 54,000. By some the number is placed far lower on the strength of trustworthy data. In Norbotten the number of Lapps is 3,000, of whom 2,500 are nomad Lapps, and 500 families have abandoned their wandering habits, have built habitations here and there, and have endeavored, with more or less success, to imitate the life of the Swedish settler.

That the race must die out eventually is certain, and its diminution may be very speedy, though its complete extinction may be still far off, since there is no race that can possibly take its place on the reindeer fjaell. Yet even here we come upon a factor which, perhaps, hardly been reckoned with. We mean the decrease of the herds of tame reindeer.

This has been going on in the last quarter of a century with striking rapidity. In one district alone in the last twelve years, the reindeer have diminished from an estimated 30,000 to an estimated 7,000. This decrease is explained variously. The commonest and most plausible explanation, which carries the authority of men well qualified to judge, is that the demand for reindeer flesh, which has been brought nearer to the Lapp by the opening of the Bohemian railway, has tempted them to part with the deer at a rate too rapid for their production.

The herd of reindeer, which are taken off the high fjaell down to their winter quarters, are now within four or five days of Stockholm, and there is a good demand for reindeer flesh. It is said that the Lapp, who is no more able to resist strong drink than any other half-civilized man, is pined freely with brandy, and in that state will part with his reindeer for a trifling sum, or even for a fresh bottle of spirits or two. And he goes back to his fjaell stripped of half his herd, and with nothing to show for it.

But there is another cause also alleged, and that by equally good authorities. It is said that Swedish state education is having upon the Lapp the effect which not uncommonly follows the early stages of learning. Every autumn Swedes and Lapps alike send down their children to the nearest national school, where they remain for the winter months, the Lapps in most cases having "seminaries" to themselves. And it is declared that in the case of both races alike, after a few years of this training the youngest generation, when it comes to the age of choosing its way of life, shows an unwillingness to return to the hard outdoor life of the homes in the interior.

What has become of the old fashioned man who referred to his son as a "chip of the old block?"

Woman is more graceful than man is because she is.

"Mother," said little Elsie, "Mrs. Roosevelt is 'the little lady in the land,' isn't she?"

"Yes, dear," whispered her mother, "but, for goodness sake don't let Bridget hear you say it!"—Philadelphia Press

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PETTUS' IMPOSING DIGNITY.

The Alabamian Handled the Senate as a Schoolmaster His School.

Senator Pettus was always a champion of the dignity of the senate, says a writer in Munsey's. When the chamber was in disorder—that is, when conversation among the senators had reached a point that interrupted business—the mere suggestion on the part of the presiding officer that the junior senator from Alabama should be called to the chair was sufficient to bring order. When he presided he handled the senate as a schoolmaster conducts his school.

It is to be said that this regard for legislative dignity is much more characteristic of the southern members than of those from the North and West. The Southerner seems to feel that the high traditions of the senate are worth preserving. Looking upon a seat in it as a great honor, they strive so to act as to indicate that the honor was merited. I wish I could say the same for all their colleagues from other sections; but they seem, too often, to regard the senate as more or less of a private asset, which can be utilized for personal advantage.

It has been said in recent years of Morgan and Pettus that they almost constituted a third party in the senate. At the same time, they were far from acting as a unit on every issue that came before them. Two old-time Democrats as they were, residents of the same town, and friends for sixty years, they were by no means identical in their political opinions. It must be remembered that in the South the antagonism between individual Democrats is sometimes as great as that in the North between the Democrat and the Republican. When Mr. Pettus said of Senator Morgan, "I have been his associate and adversary over sixty years," he said something which would be almost inexplicable to the average Northern man; but it is the polite expression of a positive fact. The two senators differed so often that a flippant newspaper article not long ago suggested that their one bond of union was a common fondness for chewing tobacco.

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Popular Science.

British battleships are being provided with searchlights by the light of which a newspaper can be read at a distance of eighteen miles. They have 48-inch projectors.

The village of Sohrusan, in Bohemia, which was found to be built on a valuable coal bed, has been bought for \$500,000 by a speculator and razed to the ground. The inhabitants, who number more than 1,000, are rebuilding their houses a mile away.

With the final closure of the Colorado river, the great Salton sink, which is inundated as the result of a poorly constructed headgate of an irrigation canal and rapidly converted into an inland sea, will gradually dry up. Inasmuch as there are practically no outlets for this vast body of water, the sink must naturally evaporate to dryness. According to one opinion the Salton Sea will dry up in about eight years.

The growing importance of the metal tantalum, owing to its employment in the preparation of filaments for incandescent lamps, gives interest to the recent discoveries of minerals containing tantalum in Western Australia. As long ago as 1894 tantalum was found at Blimberg, combined with niobium and antimony. Later it was discovered near the same place in combination with iron. Quite recently a combination of 70 per cent tantalum and 30 per cent manganese has been found at Wodgina. It occurs in blocks weighing as much as 30 pounds.

The German War Department has taken much pains to select a color for uniforms to be used in active service which will prove as inconspicuous as possible in the field. As a means of concealing operations in battle, in these days of long-range guns, an "invisible" uniform for infantry ranks with smokeless powder. The German experiments have demonstrated that the color which comes nearest to making soldiers invisible in an ordinary landscape is gray-green. Simple gray, on the contrary, makes a very conspicuous uniform amid the same surroundings. Additional tests are to be made to determine the best color for winter wear, and especially amid snow-covered landscapes.

The delicate measurements demanded by modern scientific processes and machines have led to the invention of many instruments of precision that surprise the uninitiated by their capabilities, which are often based on extremely simple principles. Among these is a little apparatus recently put upon the market in France for determining the thickness, or, one might say, lack of thickness, of extremely thin plates, wires and threads. The inventor likens its action to that of a lever in which a ray of light takes the place of the beam. Essentially the apparatus consists of two carefully ground plates in contact with one another, the upper one being attached to a movable arm. When an object is placed between the edges of the plates the upper plate is displaced a little in level, and the effect of this displacement is magnified by a reflected ray of light which falls upon a graduated scale. Thus the most delicate measurements of thickness are easily and quickly made.

Where Rubies Are Found. In Mogok they see everything in a ruby light, men, women and children. Every visitor must want to buy, they think. However hungry or thirsty the traveler may be on arrival, the first thing he hears spoken of is rubies.

All Mogok seems to be fishing with bamboo holsters, says W. G. Fitzgerald in the Technical World. And they are fishing—for rubies, in the precious "byon," that rivals in richness the famous "blue ground" of Kimberley.

But no industry is more uncertain than winning fine rubies in Burmah. One tunnel was supposed by the local engineers to contain \$15,000,000 worth, yet it seemed to fizzle out suddenly. The monopoly abandoned it, after spending much time and money, and then came along a few gentle, almond-eyed Shans and made an immense fortune out of the derelict mine.

A very few fine rubies enormously outvalue a great quantity of rough pale stones. But when all is said ruby mining is slow and disappointing work and rarely averages more than \$15,000 for each acre treated. It is shrewdly suspected by the white men in Mogok that the richest mines of all are at this moment growing scratch crops of poor grain belonging to fanatical natives, who literally place "above rubies," as the Bible has it, the land and manners of their forefathers.

A Way Out. The girl said, albeit regretfully, that she could not marry him, that she was wedded to her art.

"No other reason?" he asked.

"None."

"Well," he responded, "I've said I'd dare anything for you, and I'm willing to run the risk of bigamy."

After reflection she was, too.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Her Favorite. Margaret and her little playmate Elizabeth chanced to be overheard as they were walking home from school.

"What's your very favorite color?" Elizabeth was asking. Margaret looked thoughtfully for a moment, and then said, enthusiastically: "Plaid!"

A man is apt to be suspicious if his wife isn't jealous of him.

ST. JACOBS OIL CONQUERS PAIN

FOR STIFFNESS, SORENESS, SPRAIN OR BRUISE,
NOTHING IS BETTER THAN YOU CAN USE;
LUMBAGO'S PAIN, RHEUMATIC TWINGS;
YOUR BACK FEELS LIKE A RUSTY HINGE;
SCIATIC ACES ALL PLEASURES SPIEL;
FOR HAPPINESS USE ST. JACOBS OIL.

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W. L. DOUGLAS

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BEST IN THE WORLD
SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, AT ALL PRICES.
\$25,000 To anyone who can prove W. L. Douglas's shoes do not make a soft more men's \$3 & \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leather and other materials for each part of the shoe and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled workmen, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be equalled.

If I could take you to my shoe factory at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would understand why they hold their place, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

My \$4.00 and \$5.00 GILT EDGE Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

CAUTION! The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, send direct to factory, Shoes sent everywhere by mail. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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Building Paper

ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, DEC. 5, 1907.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

Entered November 20, 1905, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, in advance \$2.00
Six Months, " 1.00
Three Months, " .75

ADVERTISING RATES

Professional Cards, per month \$1.00
Display, per inch " 1.00
Locals, 10 cents per line, first insertion;
5 cents per line, each subsequent insertion.
Cards of thanks, obituaries, etc., sent in the regular issue will be charged at the rate of 10 cents per line.

JOB WORK

This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

WHAT DAD KNOWS

My teacher thinks 'at she is smart,
I kind o' 'spec' she is.
She knows the jockey by heart,
An' 'rithmetic—gee whiz!
W'y, she can do most ev'ry sum,
An' she can play an' sing,
But she ain't smart as pa, by gum!
'Cuz pa knows ev'rything.
Pa knows who'll get elected 'fore
The campaign is half through.
I heard him say so at the store—
You bet pa knows it, too!
He knows who's goin' to win the
game
Each day they play baseball,
But then, of course, he ain't to
blame
'Cause he knows it all.
Pa knows jist how they orter dig
The Panama canal.
Ma calls him somethin' long an' big
—it's the o-ret-i-cal.
Of course I know ma knows a lot,
She's mighty smart, by jing!
But pa is Johnny-on-the-spot,
'Cuz he knows everything.
Pa knows; w'y pa knows all they is!
He knows jist how to bust
Up ev'ry corporation biz,
An' ev'ry single trust.
My uncle Henry knows a heap,
Nobody'd ever call
Him wooden-headed ner asleep;
But pa, he knows it all.
I allus thought 'at Roosevelt knew
More things than any man,
But they's some things that he
can't do
As well as my pa can.
While Roosevelt knows most ev'ry-
thing,
My pa can take a fall
Right out o' him so slick, by jing!
'Cuz pa, he knows it all.

AN INSPIRED FAILURE

There can be no doubt that there is an intense antagonism in certain influential money circles in the east against President Roosevelt on account of his unminced attacks upon the methods of "high finance" back there during the past two or three years; nor can it be doubted the leaders of this group will engineer any coup or reprisal that will bring discomfiture to the man whose courage and character and wisdom have proven too much for their dishonest alignment and self-ash programs.

The hatred of the president is of a quality comparable only with the immense good he did the general public when he wrought the laws that interfered with their thieving schedules; and they will stop at nothing to even up the score they hold against him. They are powerful, shrewd and unscrupulous, and have hundreds of dubious and desperate means to work their revenge, even to the wrecking of an institution like the Knickerbocker Trust Company, which has closed its doors with untold millions available in its coffers to meet every possible demand that could be made against it. The failure, to our mind, was a farce, pure and simple; part and parcel of a gigantic scheme of alleged insolvencies that are to follow all over the country, for the sole purpose of disparaging and defeating Roose-

velt in the next national campaign, and any man that may stand for the Rooseveltian doctrine of sense and honesty; and we believe that the treasury department of the government will find, before it is through with this and other reported failures, that there is a huge and profound conspiracy afoot in this direction, and its detection and exposure will do more to put this nation on the dead level of financial integrity than it has been for years past. We hope we are not mistaken in this deduction, for the reason that such a bold scheme and its uprooting will, once for all, restore peace and institute justice on a plane that has not been known since the Civil War.

INADEQUATE CIRCULATION

The present financial situation in this country, is the inevitable result of our banking system. The deposits in Portland banks are, in round numbers, probably about \$60,000,000, says the Portland Journal. If the banks, under the rules, regulations, and the laws, state and national, are carrying 25 per cent of these deposits in reserve, that is, in their vaults, then here is \$15,000,000 of actual money tied up for the safety of depositors. When the sum falls below this lawful reserve then the banks must hedge—stop loaning—stop letting money go out of their possession other than to the depositors themselves. No, look at the situation all over the country at this time; every bank is trying to keep up its reserve, from 15 to 15 per cent of the volume of its deposits, the money it owes the people. Suppose the deposits of all banks all over the country in round figures to be \$13,000,000,000 (and they are probably greater than this vast sum) and the circulation medium, actual money, is not over \$3,000,000,000. Then, how are the banks to retain the lawful reserve?

That is the struggle that is going on now. The volume of deposits in all the banks is out of proportion to the volume of actual money, and every bank is involved in the struggle to preserve itself in keeping a lawful reserve, with the result that it is the old, old story of the strong against the weak, and honest, well-meaning bankers are now forced to do extraordinary things to safeguard their own institutions and preserve their obligations to those who trust them—their depositors.

The fact is, the financial system in vogue in these United States is a patchwork affair that proves the weakest at times when it should be the strongest, and needs to be revised, adjusted and made to fit the demands upon it in times of stringency of money as well as at other times.

The experience that we are passing through at present should be a lesson to the people, to congress, to the president as well as to the bankers and financiers. It should prove to be "worth more than its weight in gold."

Have you ever noticed how the greed for gain has changed things in the past few years? Take, for example, social entertainments and dancing parties: A few years ago such functions were given, first at one neighbor's home, then at some other, for the sole purpose of breaking the humdrum monotony of village life. Nowadays, if a dance is proposed, the first question that enters the minds of the promoters is, "Can we make anything out of it?" Social features are not considered, music is secured at the lowest figure, and the affair resolves itself into a money-making proposition, pure and simple. Oh, for the good old days when the "gals" took the lunch and the boys "chipped in" to pay the "fiddler"!

Now, that the republicans of Alaska have declared for territorial government by almost unanimous vote of the convention, and President Roosevelt has given it out as his intention to recommend legislation favoring territorial government for Alaska in his forthcoming message to congress, wonder if the Juneau "antis" don't feel sorry for themselves? They are still going

on in the same old way, but their ammunition is not so strong as formerly.

Last winter, about this time, we advocated an occasional old-fashioned "spellin' an' cipherin' match," but our suggestions went in one ear and out the other and there was "nothin' doin'." Such events help to break the monotony of the long winter evenings, and at the same time improve one part of the average education which is most neglected. We believe that if this matter were properly put to our public school teachers, a series of events both pleasant and profitable to all would be instituted.

One of the corporations' organs at Juneau states that Czar Wilford came down town on the morning after the convention, inquiring as to what was done by that body. If he had had at heart the interests of the masses, he would have at-

tended the convention, personally. But no, all he cares for is the per year amount given him by the U. S. for protecting the interests of the "big fellows." \$ \$ \$ \$

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ROBERT W. JENNINGS
Attorney at Law
JUNEAU, ALASKA

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